



Tears



👁 166 ✓ 3 ★ 12

Chapter 1 by Reah

Why does this keep happening? The yelling, the screaming. I don't want to be here anymore. Home is not home, home is supposed to be safe. Home is supposed to be a place where we can live without fear. Where do we go if we cannot be safe at hoe?

This is what goes through my head every time the arguments start. They are always about the same things. Money, who did or didn't do what, things just went missing so who stole it?

This time is different though. The argument is about something different for once but as I cower in my room as usual, I realize that this might not be a good thing.

There is a crash from the lounge room and my mother screams.

Chapter 2 by danisonphil



I race down stairs, careful not to be seen by the attacker. It must be an attacker. Step douche is an ass but he couldn't do this could he. No matter the problems he caused he has never actually harmed any of us.

I turn the corner into the kitchen. I grab a knife. Just in case. I crouch as I move towards the lounge room. The attacker should be just around the corner. I want to see him, I need to see him

but I want nothing more to turn and run back up to the safety of my room. I take cover besides the couch. Do I dare to look past? I have to, but mum could be in trouble. I wouldn't be able to help her if I don't see her.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I look past the couch and I see it. I have to cover my mouth so I don't scream. Tears are streaming down my eyes. Mum is tied up to a chair. Her warm blood is dripping down hitting the wooden floorboards. I am still unable to get a look at the attackers face.

"Where is it!" The attacker screams cutting her again. "I know you know where it is!" She spits on him. "It didn't have to end like this." He says exhausted and he slips the knife into her throat. She screams as she breathes her last breaths, blood running down her pale skinny body. As he pulls the knife out of her small body I see who it was. The attacker was my step dad. He killed her. He killed my mum! I have to cover my mouth to stop me screaming again. Mum. Mum is dead.

My step dad turns to me and I dart back behind the couch. I don't think he saw me. But I saw him. His eyes they have changed from the pale blue to a deathly black. I try to regain my breath as he walks out of the door.

Chapter 3 by DANAIJSHA MCCLAIN



When He left I ran to mom's side crying. I knew she was dead, but I had to see her face again before I called the police. I ran to the phone in the kitchen and dialed 911, but no one answered. I noticed that when I was calling the phone cord was snapped in half. I ran to the next door neighbors and started banging on their door. Someone answered and then I told them what all has happened. They called the cops, but they hand cuffed me. I was trying to tell them that "I didn't do anything wrong." They took me to the police station and then they put me in this room. They started asking me questions about something that I didn't even know the answer to at all and it was making me mad. They asked me the stupidest question ever about "did you kill your mother?" I just sat there and looked at them like why in the hell would I kill my mom. Then they repeated what they said and in the middle of their sentence I go up and yelled "why in the hell would I do that?" They said "I don't know I just figured that since you have blood all over your hands." I interrupted again "You can't blame me for anything that you don't have evidence for or just based in because I have blood on my hands!"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

are from a man named Gabriel Kethan Vick. We can let her go, gentlemen." A man in a black suit says.

They unlock the doors and drag me out. "Do you know who that man is, Kacey?" He asked me. I take a deep breath and slightly nod. He nods as well. "Let her go, I am going to ask her some questions." He says and they automatically let go.

We walk to a room where no one can hear us. He motions me to sit and shuts the door and sits across from me.

"So, how do you know this man?" He asks me, propping his chin on his hands.

"I, uhh, he is my stepfather. Him and my mom always fought, but never like that... So I would always stay in my room to try and ignore it but I never could. They would always argue about the same things, but today.. it was different. They were yelling at each other about something being taken. And then I heard my mom scream, so I ran downstairs and grabbed a knife, not the one that killed my mother, just incase and I saw mom tied up to a chair with bleeding cuts everywhere on her. Then he kept yelling about something being taken and that he knew she had it.

She kept declining but he wouldn't listen and...and c-cut her throat." I said, tears rolling down my face. He nods. "Tragic story. We will find this man and lock him up. Does.... Did he live with you and your mother?" He asked me.

I shake my head. "No and yes. He lived there for about a month or two and they argued really bad so he moved out to some place." I say. He smiles. "Do you know where that place is?" He asked. I slowly nodded. "Yes. It's on road Dusty Street and the house number is 8562. But he will know police are after him, so there is a big chance that he went somewhere else, like to his 'secret' place." I say.

"Okay, do you know where that is?" He asked, writing stuff down. "Yes. It's on road Secret

Sideway and the house is in the woods down a dirt path behind house 8475. When you go down that dirt path there is a dark brown house with a porch." I say and he continues to write. Once he finishes he looks up at me and smiles.

"Thank you for your cooperation," he says, smiling. He asked, flipping to another blank page.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Uhh, sure. He's tall, around 6'4 and has pale blue eyes... but when he killed my mother they were black." I said and he furrowed his brow and I continued. "He has black hair with a scruffy beard and had a black coat on with black pants and gray and red shoes. His eyebrows are bushy and his nose has a pimple on the end. He also has a freckle under his right eye." I finish saying. He nods and draws some more. We sit there in silence for a few minutes and he finally shows me his drawing.

My mouth hangs open in awe. "I'm guessing it looks very much so like him." He says and scoots the drawing in front of me. I stare at it longer. "It really does! It is like you took a picture of him." I say.

An hour later Mr. Scheldow I found out his name was, had a group of men armed and ready to find him. I glance over at him and his eyes meet mine. I smile and mouth a thank you. He smiles back with a nod and talks to the group of men.

I walk outside where I'm by myself and start sobbing. "I can't believe he killed her.." I mumble to myself and cry harder. A few minutes later I feel a hand touch my shoulder. I quickly look beside me and it's Mr. Scheldow. "It is okay, Kacey. We will get revenge on him, I promise." He says. I nod. "You look young. How old are you?" I ask him.

"21, not much older than you." He say, rubbing my lower back in circles which calms me. I smile. "Cool, I'm 19." I say. He nods. "I know." He says in a low voice and I shiver which he doesn't seem to notice. I look at him, really look at him and notice how he looks. His black hair is nicely done with his amber eyes watching me. He is actually really attractive to be honest.

"Thank you.." I whisper sweetly. I smiles and pulls me to him comfortingly. "Don't worry about it, it is my job after all." He says. "I know. And I mean for being here, helping me feel better and find my mom." I say.

"Don't mention it." He says and gives me a quick kiss on the cheek, leaving me breathless. "I'm going in to check on the group now. See you soon." He says and walks inside while I'm stuck

outside with my face brightly red with tears staining my cheeks

See more of Story Wars

What just happened?

Login

or

Create new account

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(0b5e7e25e8775f7e7e80906ada4f0021_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(740312fd467f47b04cab841ab3868d83_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(dbb8da2687e90ededffd3484b6b666cf_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account